

A Romance Of Busy City Life

A GIRL AND A MAN

By VIRGINIA TERRINE VAN DE WATER.

(Copyright 1916 Star Company)

CHAPTER XVII.
A few minutes past 11 that noon Agnes was summoned to the telephone. She recognized Mr. Hale's voice on the wire.

"Miss Morley," he said, "I have been detained, so will not come in until afternoon. Get your luncheon and be ready to report for work by a quarter of two."

"Yes, sir," she replied.
"And, by the way," her employer added, "kindly tell Mr. Philip Hale that I wish him to attend to those two matters I spoke to him about this morning before returning to the office after his luncheon. Will you remember to do that?"

"Yes, sir," she repeated, "I will remember."
Her heart beat as she thought of addressing Philip in the office before the other clerks. Yet, had he been a total stranger to her, she would not have minded doing it. She must try to think of him as a stranger.

Going into the outer office she started across the room, but was waylaid by Annie Rooney, who was waiting for her, hat on and evidently in a hurry.

"Come along," Annie said, "I'm starved and I want a chance to fill up before I have to get back."

"I will be with you in a minute," Agnes responded. "I have a message from Mr. Hale to his son. I must deliver it."

She did not pause for Annie's comment, but went directly to where Philip Hale sat in his railed enclosure. At the sound of her feet he looked up and then sprang to his feet, his face bright with smiles. But she did not smile.

"The Message Delivered."
"Mr. Hale," she said in a voice that could be heard by Miss Durkee, who had risen from her desk preparatory to going out. "Mr. Hale, your father has just telephoned a message which he asked me to deliver."

"She repeated her employer's directions and turned away. But Philip's low 'Agnes' made her stop.

"Can't we lunch together?" he pleaded, so softly that she scarcely heard him.

"No; and don't look at me like that," she muttered. "You are spoiling everything." Then, louder, "I will tell him when he comes in that you will attend to the matter."

Her face had not changed during the brief interview, yet she felt as if it must betray the emotions racing within her. She longed to speak alone with Philip, yet dared not do so, and if she did not warn him he might cause gossip in the office by his expression and way of looking at her.

"I will be with you in an instant," she said to Annie as she hurried to the closet for her hat and jacket.

The elevator was just about to leave their floor when the two girls stepped out into the hall, but, seeing them, the operator waited. As they entered, Agnes was aware that one of the passengers was Philip Hale. He had entered a moment before them.

She did not look at him, but she knew that Annie Rooney did. She also knew that he had removed his hat, and that he, of all the men in the car, was the only one uncovered. This was not customary in an office building, she reflected. Probably Phil would have kept his hat on had she not been present.

He turned up the street, the girls down. They were scarcely out of earshot before Annie gave vent to the comments in her mind.

"See!" she exclaimed. "Some class to him! I say, did you get on to the way he looked at you when you gave him the old man's message? Why, he cringed all over. I thought for a minute that you'd met him before. But you hadn't, had you?"

An Explanation.
"His father introduced me—that is, mentioned my name to his son the first day I was in his employ," Agnes told her.

This was the second time today she had repeated that statement. She congratulated herself on having this truthful sentence with which to explain Philip's manner toward her.

"Well, I guess he thinks you're pretty," all right, Annie rejoined. "I told you before that you'd be a success if you'd only dress up more. But your things are too simple."

Agnes said nothing, and her companion returned to the subject that was uppermost in her mind.

"Yes, that Philip Hale is sure a pin-pup! Did you see how he took off his hat in the elevator? There's prettiness in that! He'd take trouble to do that in an elevator full of working girls."

"It is entirely unnecessary anyway," Agnes remarked curtly.

"Unnecessary?" Why of course it is. But so is it unnecessary for a man to tip his hat to you. But it's nice."

"That's different," Agnes declared. "It is not expected that a man remove his hat in an elevator in a big office building. If women go there, they must expect to be treated as men are in a hotel, or an apartment house. It is an entirely different matter."

She did not know that her tone was sharp and tense until Annie's questioning gaze brought her to a realization that she was speaking excitedly.

"Well, you certainly do resent a small politeness," the girl commented. "Anyone would think to hear you talk that you thought young Hale was trying to get fresh with you. But, kid, I guess you're wrong there. He doesn't believe he is—now, do you, really?"

"No," said Agnes, more gently. "I do not for a moment suppose that he may have been grossly just now, but I am tired and hungry."

"To Be Continued."

YUKON, LAND OF GOLD, HAS WEALTH BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS

(Continued from previous page.)
present traffic is transient and will hardly stand the building of railways."

Thinks Future Promising.
"What do you think of the future of your territory?"

"I expect to see it grow steadily in population and wealth. We have large areas of low grade gold properties which will employ many men for years to come. This mining will be done with large capital and at fixed wages. We have also extensive deposits of copper and we are now constructing tracks to the copper camps. The White river district, for instance, needs only transportation to make it a populous and prosperous copper mining center. We have a great deal of land that is well adapted to farming. Mr. Dawson estimated that the territory would sustain a population of at least a million farmers, and we have other possibilities in the way of farming that may add to our territorial wealth."

The End of Her Vacation

HE HAS PROMISED NEVER TO FORGET HER

By STELLA FLORES

Copyright 1916, International News Service.



TWO weeks have passed. The days were full of sunshine and laughter; the evenings aglow with moonlight and magic. And always at her side was the man. Last night out on the rocks overlooking the throbbing sea he told her that he loved her. Today her vacation ends; and, looking deep into her eyes, he promises never to forget. But her heart, just awakened, skips a beat as she watches the alluring group of lovely girls on the beach. With sweet voices, dimpled smiles and laughing good wishes, they wave her good-bye. The happiest girl in the world breathes the tiniest bit of a sigh—but he has promised never to forget.

STELLA FLORES.

Bedtime Story For the Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE LITTLE TURTLE.

By HOWARD R. GARIN.

OVER the hills and down in the valleys hopped Uncle Wiggily Longears, the rabbit gentleman. Across the fields and through the woods of his farm he went, now stopping to look at his potatoes and again waiting to see how fast the beans were climbing up the poles, like monkeys on sticks.

"Yes, everything is coming along nicely," said the old rabbit gentleman farmer. "Nurse Jane and I will have enough carrots and cabbage to eat this winter, and some to give away."

On and on over his farm went Uncle Wiggily Longears. Sometimes he would stop to pick a pretty flower to bring to Nurse Jane, for she liked to put them on the table in a vase.

It was a warm, sunny day, and pretty soon Uncle Wiggily began to get tired and hot. His paws hurt him too, for he had on a new pair of shoes, and you know how it is yourself—your toes get all cramped up, and the soles of your feet feel as if some one was putting a mustard plaster on them, and you just want to go bare foot and wiggle in the soft spongy mud, or the tickly sand, and then—well, I mustn't write any more about that or I'll want to stop right away and go down on the beach at Pineapple Grove and swim.

Anyhow, that's the way Uncle Wiggily felt. So he just picked out a nice shady spot under a big oak tree, all covered with cool, green leaves, and there he stretched out on the velvety green grass and went to sleep. But first he took off his shoes and put them nice and straight in a row, like soldiers, at the foot of his grassy bed, where he could easily find them when he awakened.

Just how long he slept Uncle Wiggily did not remember. At any rate, when he awakened he saw, looking at him from a nice stone seat where he was resting, a mud turtle with red and yellow spots on her back. She had been wearing evening stripes, but her husband said they hurt his eyes, so she went back to polka dots, and that's the kind of a dress she had on.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily," exclaimed the mud turtle lady, "excuse me for bothering you while you're asleep, but have you seen anything of my little turtle boy?"

"Pray do not worry about having awakened me," spoke the bunny uncle, politely, as usual. "I am glad to open my eyes anyhow. But what is it you wish?"

"Have you seen anything of Cruncher, my little turtle boy?" asked the spotted lady. "He went out to play tag with Bully No-Tail, the frog, and he hasn't come back."

"Why, no, I haven't seen him," Uncle Wiggily made answer. "But I'll go look for him right away. I must travel on anyhow, and if I see him I'll tell him to hurry back to you."

"Cruncher has to take his swimming lesson and he is late for it now. Give my regards to Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy."

"I will," promised Uncle Wiggily, and then as the spotted mud turtle lady waddled off in one way the rabbit gentleman hopped off in another, carrying his new shoes in his hand, for his feet-paws were still too warm to make him feel comfortable.

"I'll just carry the shoes a while," the bunny uncle said to himself, "and when the sun goes down, and it gets a little cooler, I'll put them on."

So he hopped along and pretty soon he came to a place where there were a lot of little round stones on the path.

"Which?" cried the bunny gentleman as he stepped in the pebbles with his bare paws. "This will never do! I must put on my shoes or I'll never be able to walk here any more."

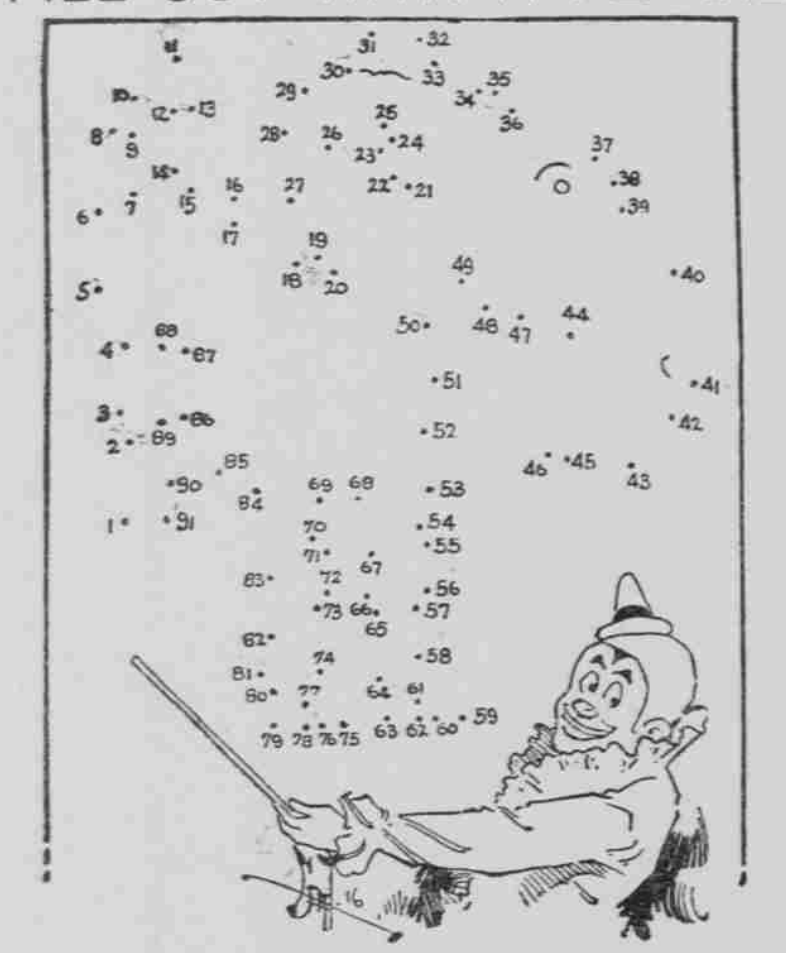
So, sitting down on a flat stump, around which grew some nice green ferns, Mr. Longears put on one shoe.

"Oh, that's very good," he said. "Now I shall be able to walk more easily. Then he put on the other shoe. At least he tried to. But when he put his paw in it something seemed to be in the way.

"It must be a stone," cried Uncle Wiggily. He held the shoe upside down, but nothing dropped out. Then he shook it. Still nothing fell.

"I wonder if I could be mistaken?" thought the bunny gentleman. He tried to look inside his shoe. But you know how it is yourself. It's as dark in a shoe as it is in a pocket, if not darker. Uncle Wiggily could see nothing. He looked all the shoe I mean, and I guess I bit you by mistake. I am very sorry."

FILL OUT WITH A PENCIL



What was it that performed with the clown?
Complete the picture by drawing a line through the dots. Begin at No. 1 and take them numerically.

VACATION DAYS

By DWIG



POOR OLD FAT! HE'S BEEN FISHING ALL DAY WITHOUT ANYTHING TO EAT, AND NOW THIS CRUELTY COMES UPON HIM!

Woman Bullet Maker

Mary Draper Feeds Patriots, Makes Bullets of Powder and Sewing Sheets Into Shirts For Soldiers.

By MADISON C. PETERS.
(Copyright 1916 by Madison C. Peters.)

MARY DRAPER was the courageous wife of Capt. Draper, a thriving farmer of Dedham, Mass. When Israel Putnam was plowing in his Connecticut fields he heard of the expected attack of the British upon fellow patriots at Lexington, and, leaving the plough in the furrow, in his old slouch hat and without change of clothes, he hurried on to Cambridge, urging all along the road to come along with whatever weapons they could lay their hands on.

The road passed the Draper home. Losing no time in getting her husband ready to follow Putnam's call, she also urged her only son of 16 to follow in the father's footsteps. With her own hands she bound knapsacks and a blanket to her boy's shoulders, and when the daughter entreated that her brother might remain home to protect them, the mother bravely answered: "No, he must go, but you and I, Kate, will have enough to do to feed the hungry who will pass here on their way before tomorrow night."

Bakes Bread for Patriots.
Mary Draper's two bake evens, the

talk of the neighborhood, were large enough to bake bread for hundreds who came and were fed and passed on only to be followed by hundreds more for days. Temporary tables were strung along the roadside where the weary patriots at her bread and cheese and drank her milk from a famous dairy, as well as her elder, brought in tails from the cellar and poured into tubs. Neighbors added their stores, boys and girls volunteered their services and none passed through Dedham hungry.

Moulds Powder Into Bullets.

But the passing soldiers felt, now came the terrible news from Bunker Hill that the patriots were short of ammunition, and Gen. Washington called upon the inhabitants to send to headquarters, instantly, every bit of lead or pewter at their disposal. The thrifty New England housekeeper, in the absence of silver, secured pewter to the brightness of silver. Mary Draper had a large stock of pewter, the gift of a sainted mother. But the cause of liberty made the sacrifice more sacred, and all she had went to freedom's call. Capt. Draper before joining the army, had bought a mould for casting bullets, to supply himself and son with the means of defence for any emergency, and soon all the Draper pans and platters were turned into bullets for her country's defence.

The winter was coming on. The army needed clothes. The liberal supply of cloth which had been spun by the mother, daughter and son, was turned into coats for the soldiers; her sheets and blankets were made into shirts, and her own and her daughter's flannels, of which there was a large stock, were turned into men's clothes.

Washes Others.
Her example incited other women to make clothes for the patriots, who had to spend the winter in camp and in

INKLINGS and THINKINGS

By WEX JONES.

Cops in Bloomfield, N. J., testified that they knew so little about beer that they couldn't tell it from bay rum. Still we'd hate to be the lad who came back to the station house on a warm day with the growler full of bay rum.

Force of habit: Colonel Roosevelt sees cowboy and exclaims, "Bully, by Godfrey!"

Senator Tamm took a pointer dog into the senate and caused great excitement among the senators, who thought he was on the trail of pork.

The price of gasoline has been reduced one cent, but this won't interest motorists who are suffering over the rise in the cost of living.

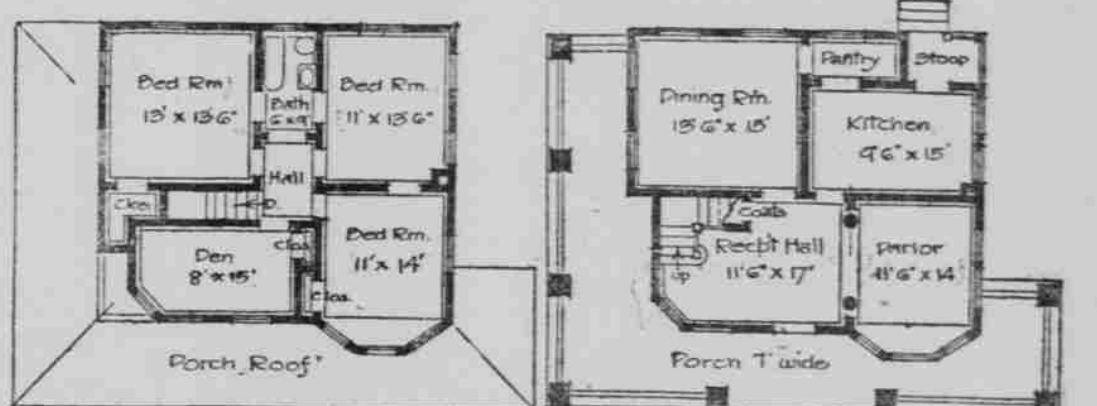
Why not swap that island down near Camp Cotton where the snipers live for these Danish ones?

We fear that the Carranza-Wilson "joint commission" will develop rheumatism.

Clothing the newly formed army. Mary Draper took the lead.

Examples like this might be multiplied indefinitely. Women by the hundreds, whose names had never before been heard beyond the narrow limits of their neighborhood, sacrificed their all in skillful plans and heroic endurance for American independence.

A WELL PLANNED HOME



This cottage has an ideal plan. The rooms are large, conveniently arranged, and can be decorated with splendid effect.

The first floor contains a large reception hall, parlor, dining room, kitchen and a fine pantry. There are three good sized bedrooms, a den and a bath on the second floor.

The tower if constructed square would be more in keeping with the architecture of this section.

Although he has no teacher's certificate, Dr. V. Ward will teach the forgoing class in the technical high school at El Paso, O.

Richard T. Crane, Jr., the millionaire manufacturer of Chicago, has offered a reward of \$10,000 to anyone who effects a cure for infantile paralysis.